"DEADSHOT BILL" FROM NURSERYVILLE.

By Fred Schaefer and W. Aird MacDonald

"Deadshot Bill," from Nurseryville
Can't place this bird from far Brazil.

"A prairie chicken does not talk,
And it ain't a sage hen, nor a hawk.

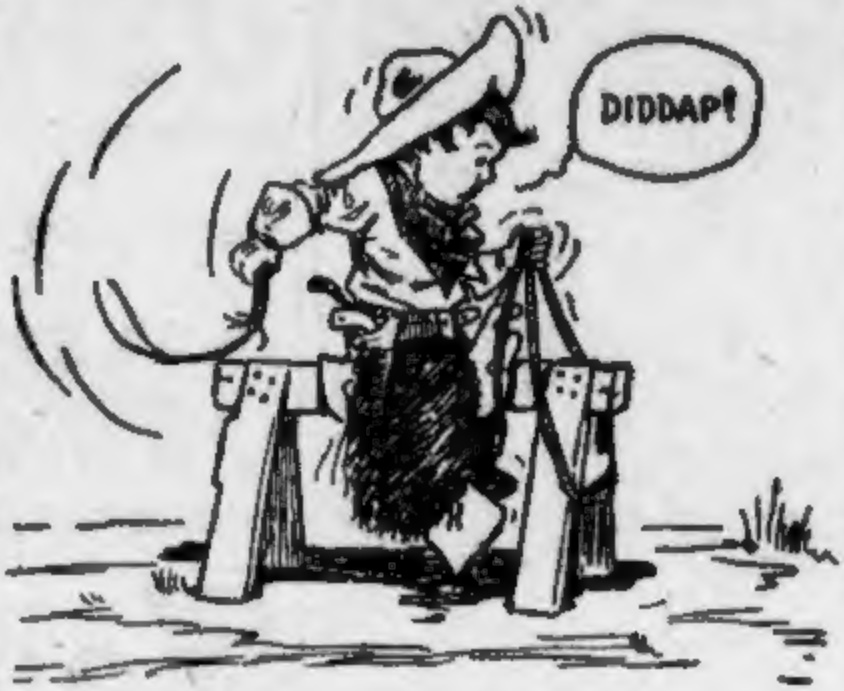
I'll poke its face, and then we'll see,
Jest what it means by sassin' me."

Bill bears the scars of what ensued—
But he's not hurt, nor yet subdued.

"DEADSHOT BILL" FROM NURSERYVILLE.

By Fred Schaefer and W. Aird MacDonald

"Deadshot Bill", from Nurseryville,
Gets tired of walking, as cowboys will.



This looks like a mild and gentle steed—
But Bill can make him show some speed.

For mastery it is nip and tuck
'Tween "Deadshot" and his bronc-ing buck!

The long-drawn struggle is no joke—
It ends of course, when the "hoss" is "broke"!

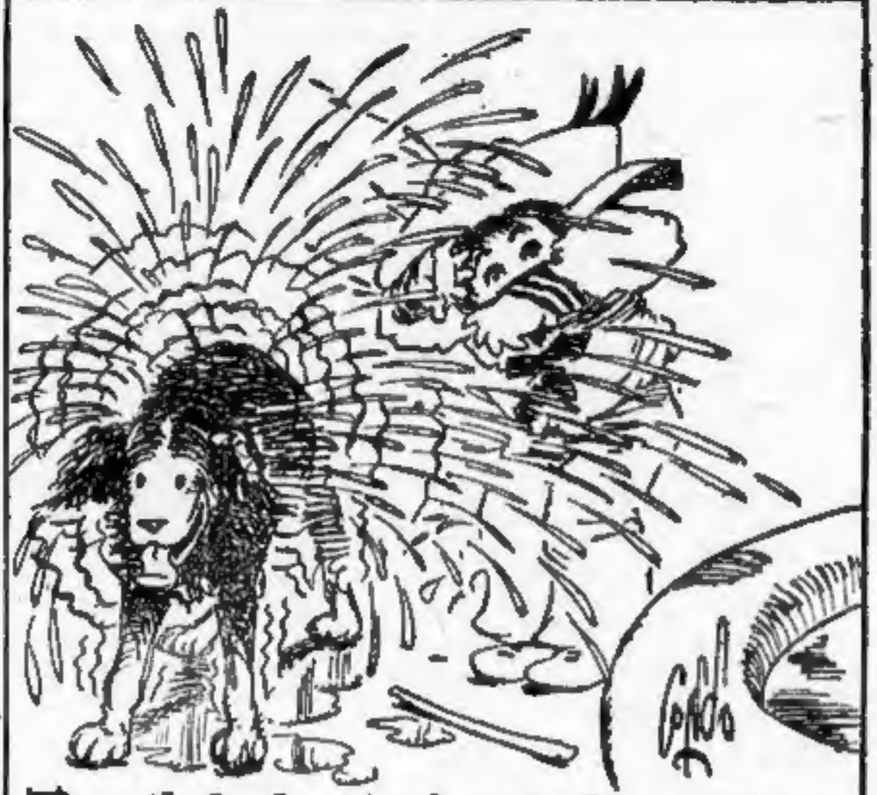
"DEADSHOT BILL,"
FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer
and W. Aird MacDonald.

"Deadshot Bill" has one true pard—
That's his dog, Beauregard.

Here they are at a water hole;
Now watch the dog in a clever role.

Careless like, Bill tosses a stick;
Beauregard he will fetch it quick



Though he has to change his suit,
Bill just loves that faithful brute.

"DEADSHOT BILL," FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer and W. Aird MacDonald.

"Deadshot Bill" quite moody stands;
Time hangs heavy on his hands.

Ef only somethin' would happen now—
Excitement, trouble, a fight or row!

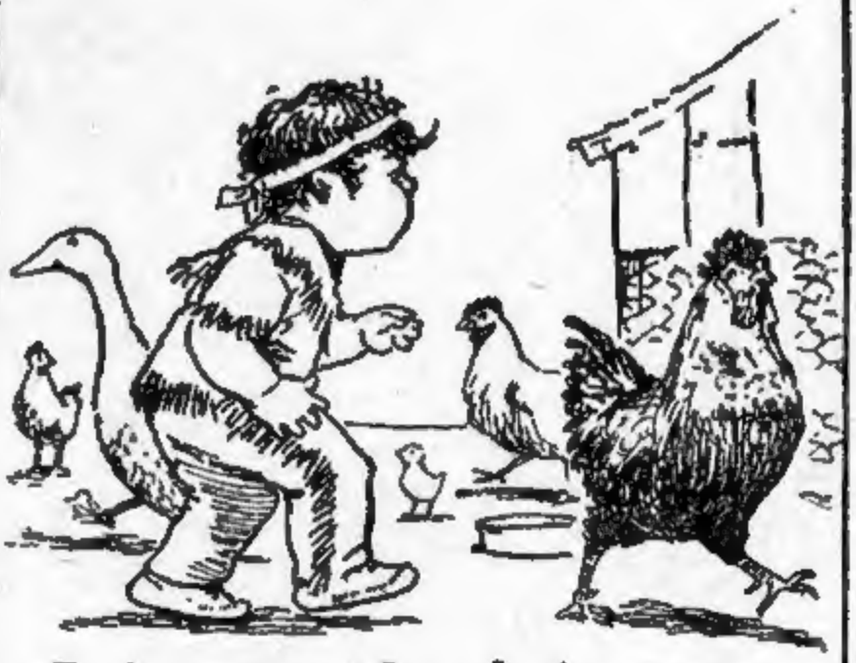
Bill comes out of it sudden-like—
The trouble's arrove, and he must hike.

Ef Bill had stuck around awhile,
He mout 'a' jined in the general smile.

"DEADSHOT BILL," FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer and W. Aird MacDonald.

"Deadshot Bill," from Nurseryville,
Disguised for scouting, needs only a quill.



So he goes out for a feather to wear
Like Indian chiefs put in their hair.

What's easier than to stalk our prey,
Then take its glorious plumage away?

But the turk has on its war paint too—
Stand back, everybody, and let Bill through!

"DEADSHOT BILL," FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer and W. Aird MacDonald.

'Deadshot Bill' looks worried and pale,
He's struck some mammoth animal's trail.

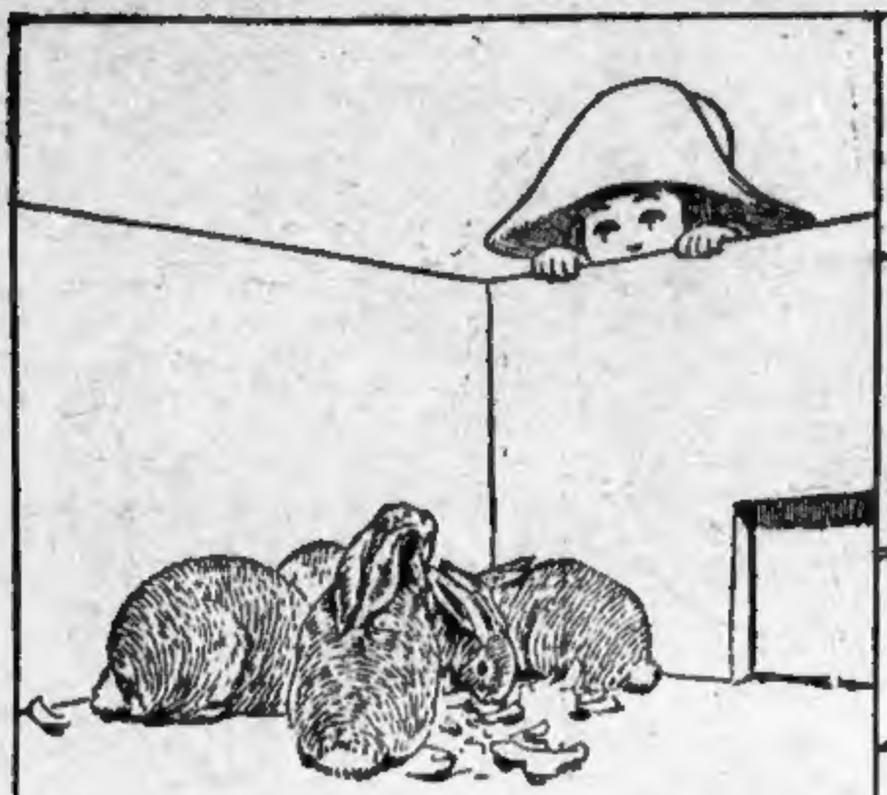
The footprints are the largest he's seen—
Whatever varmint that may mean.

In the mud they're deep and round.
An elephant's track Bill thinks he's found.

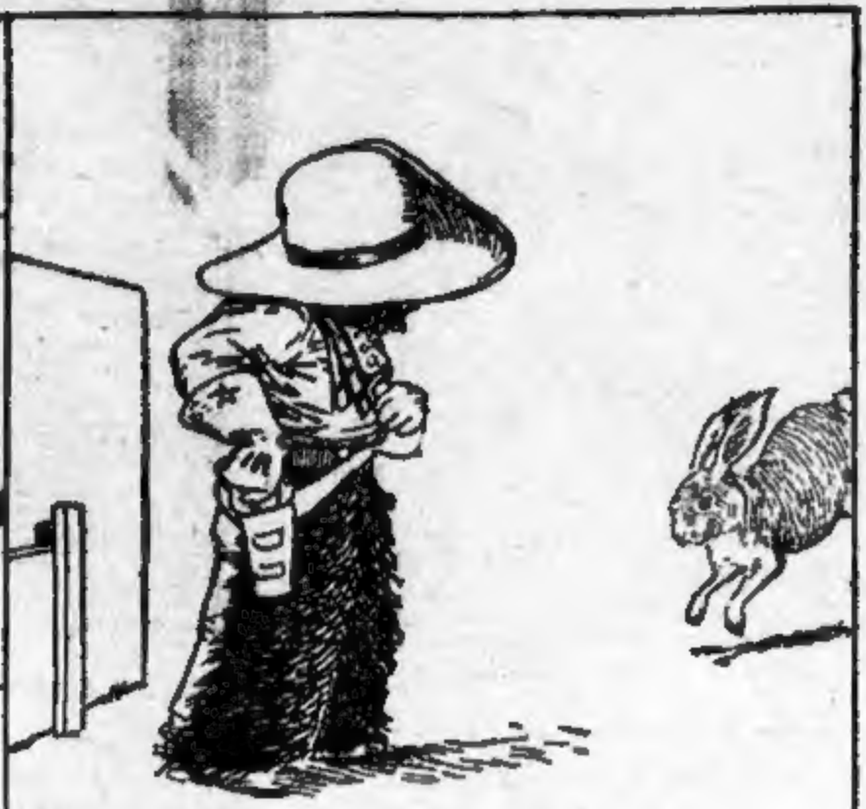
Nerved for the worst Bill almost wilts
Meeting Ed Jones on tin can stilts!

"DEADSHOT BILL," FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer and W. Aird MacDonald.



"Deadshot Bill" has allus opined
Belgian hares is th' fiercest kind.



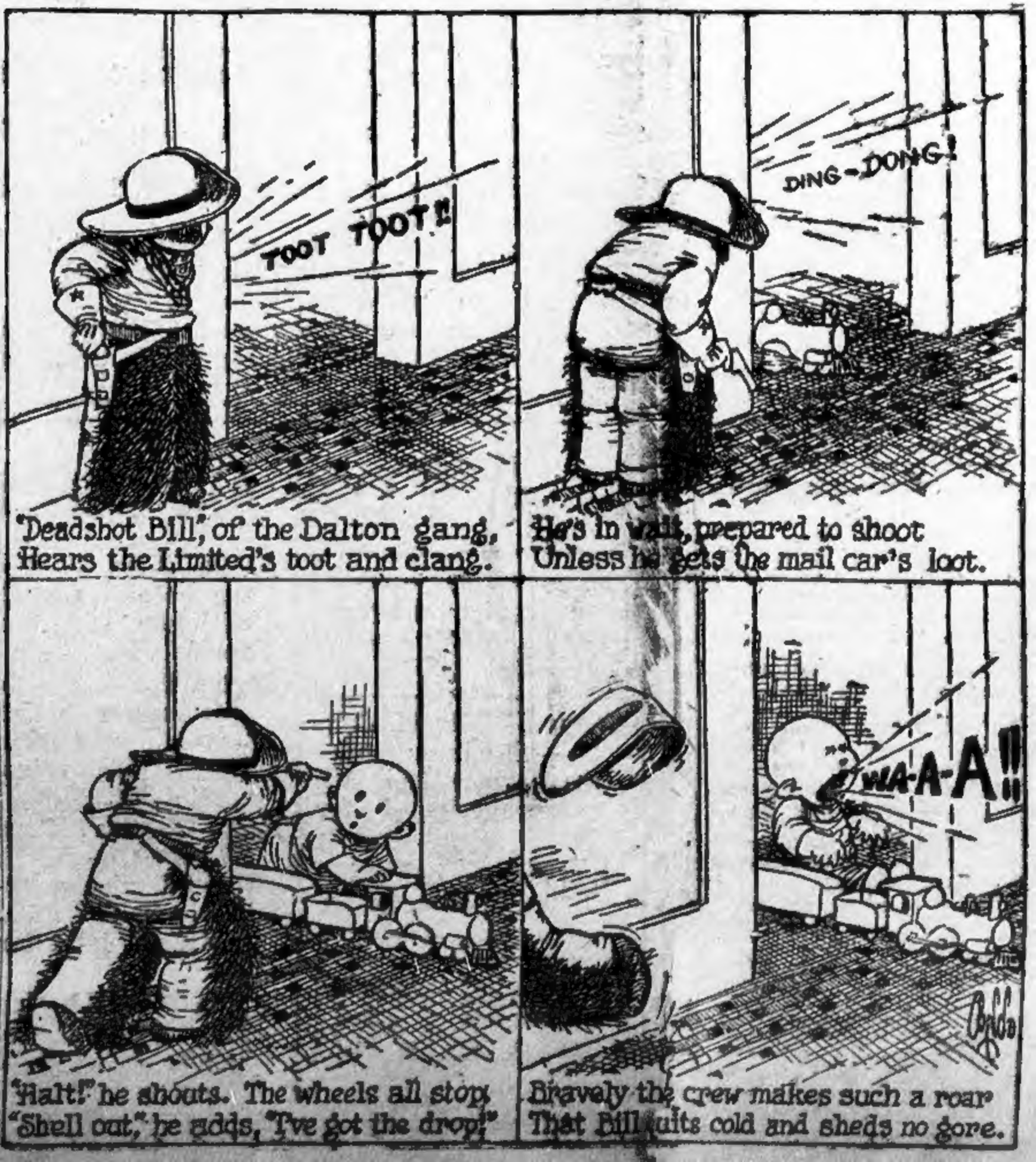
Here's a varmint got at large,
An' right at Bill it makes a charge.

Bill p'ints his weepon at the game,
Which rears up ca'm an' smells the same!

Bill decides he will not shoot—
He knows a way ter subdue the brute.

"DEADSHOT BILL," FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer and W. Aird MacDonald.



"Deadshot Bill," of the Dalton gang,
Hears the Limited's toot and clang.

He's in wait, prepared to shoot
Unless he gets the mail car's loot.

"Halt!" he shouts. The wheels all stop.
"Shell out," he adds, "I've got the drop!"

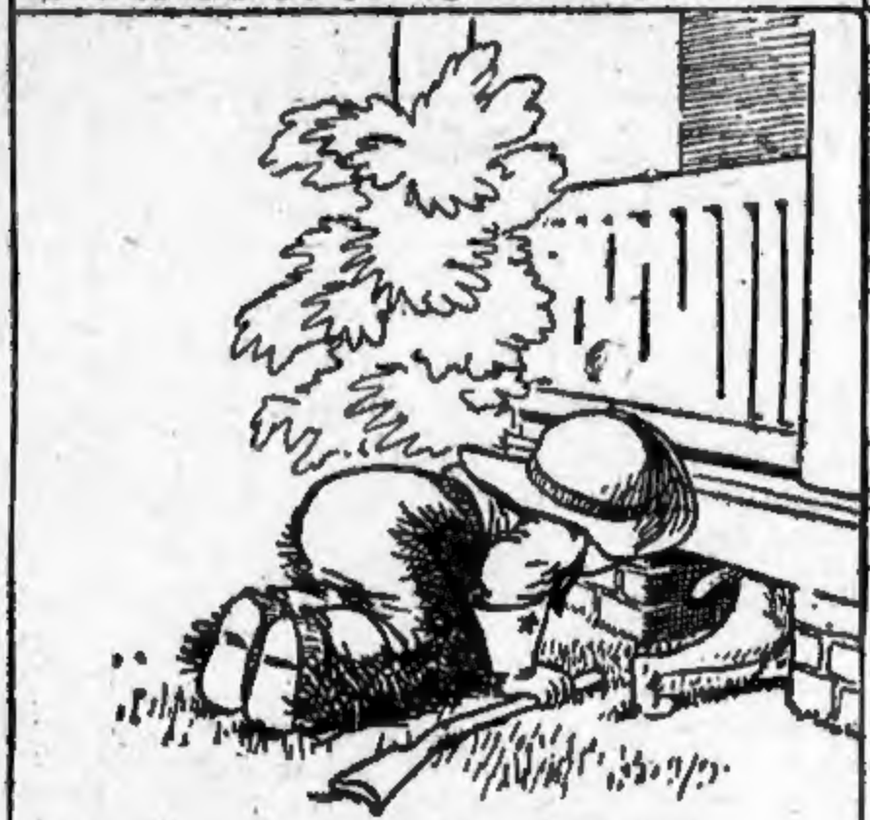
Bravely the crew makes such a roar
That Bill quits cold and sheds no gore.

"DEADSHOT BILL," FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer and W. Aird MacDonald.

"Deadshot Bill" with serious face
Loads his 30-30 for the chase.

That coyote he'd like to lamp
Which wuz prowlin' around his camp.



"Here's his hole; get him, Spot!"
All Bill wants is just one shot.

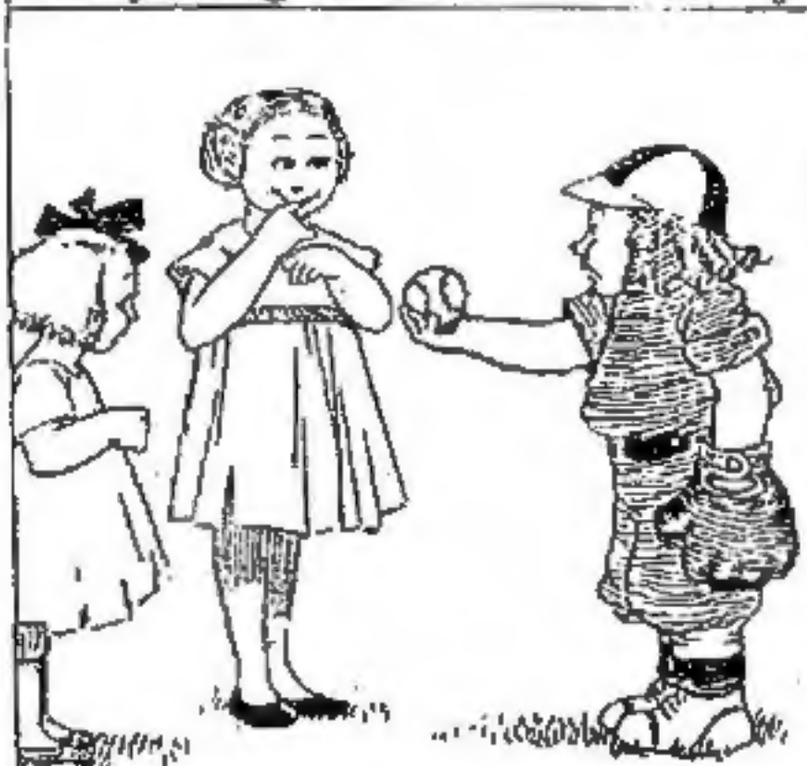
"Ding that dog," says Bill, knocked flat,
"I want coyote, not Thomas cat!"

"DEADSHOT BILL" FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer and A. D. Condo.

"Deadshot Bill" sure does enjoy
Being with girls the fair-haired boy.

Quite sudden the damsels cease to gush
And go away. What's their rush?

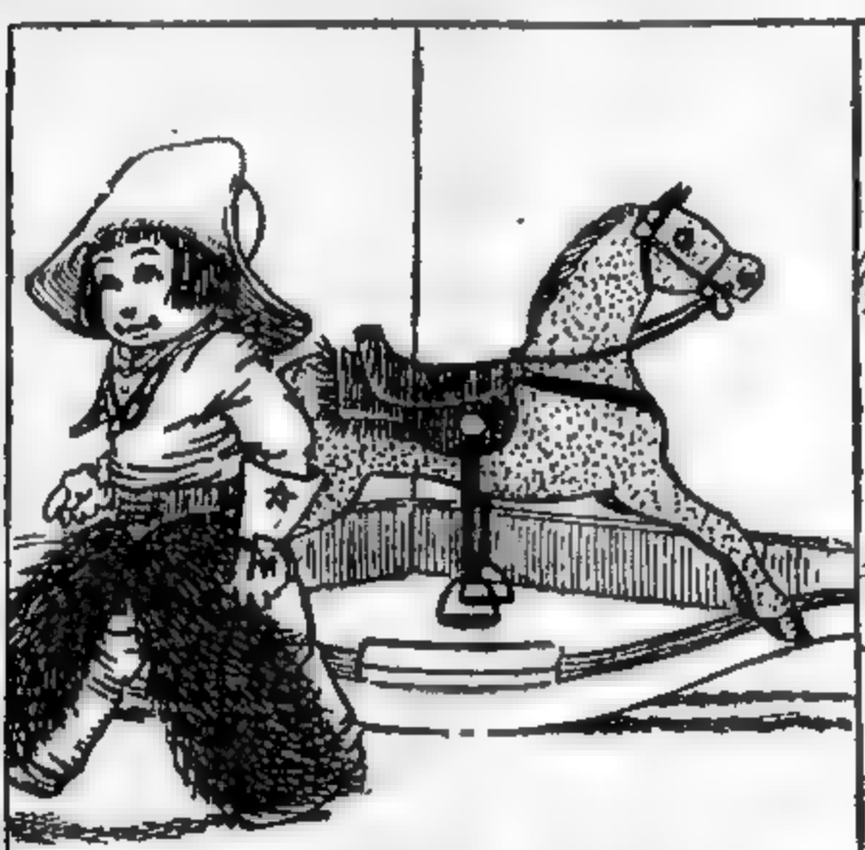


Skirts are fickle, as you'll allow—
A base ball guy is their idol now.

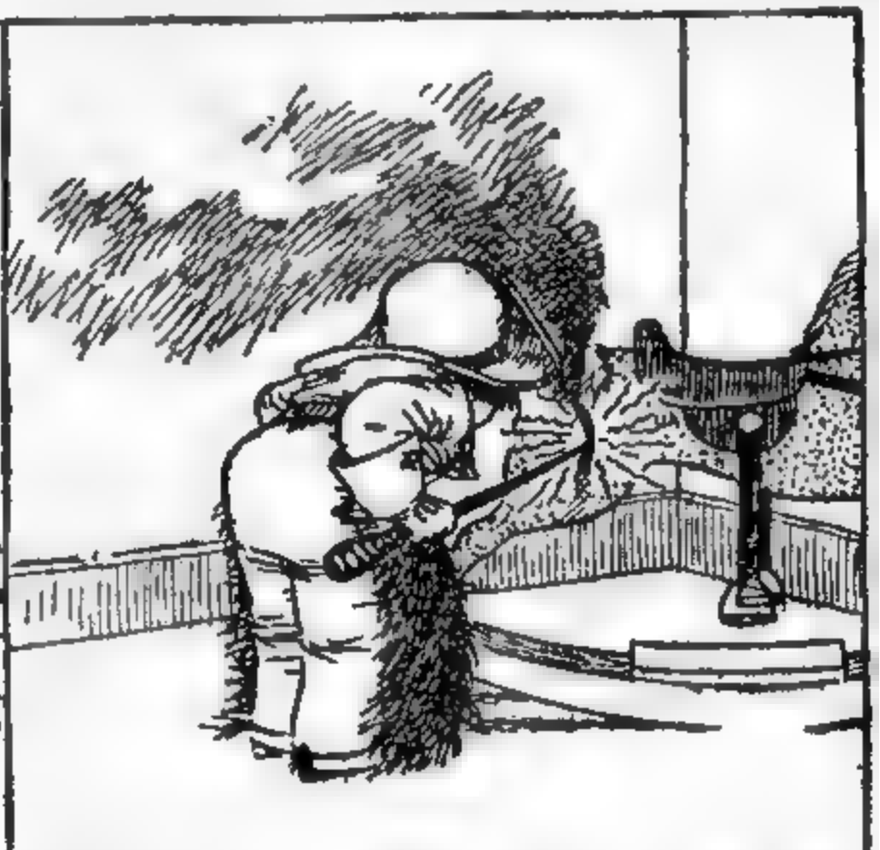
Which same, of course, sticks in Bill's craw.
Ringside Extra: "Declared a draw!"

"DEADSHOT BILL,"
FROM NURSERYVILLE

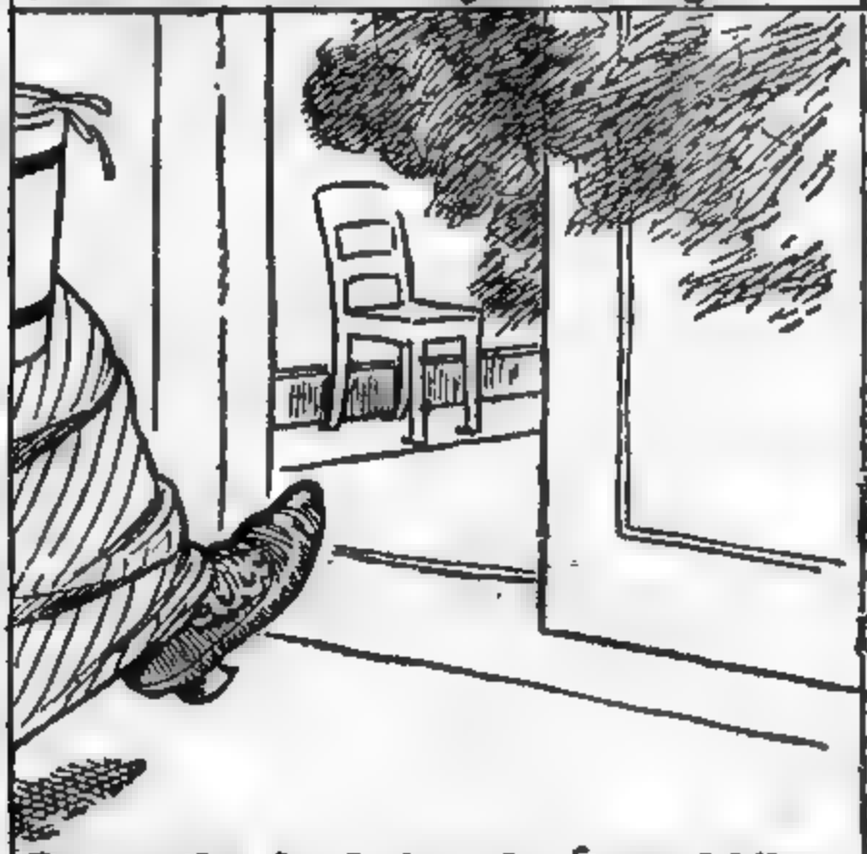
By Fred Schaefer
and W. Aird MacDonald.



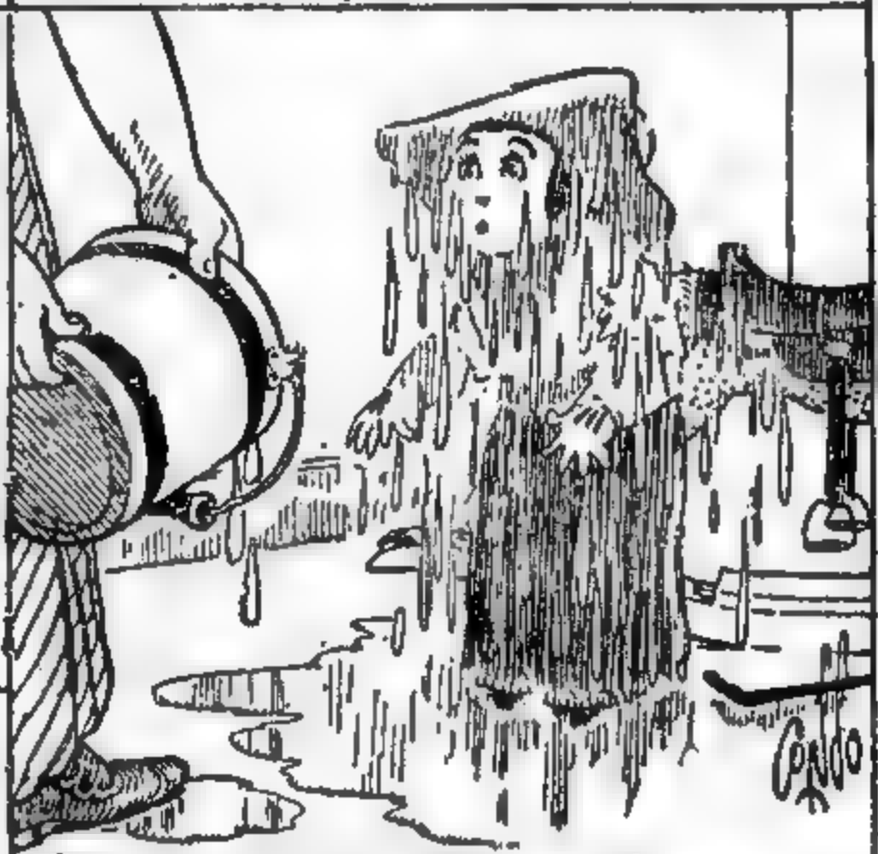
"Deadshot Bill" fears hoss thieves might
Steal his bronc away some night.



He heats an iron and runs a brand;
Endurin' which, the bronc shows sand.



But as the cloud of smoke floats higher
Bridget imagines the shack's afire.



Then occurs, as Bill explains,
A regular cloudburst on the plains.

"DEADSHOT BILL," FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer and W. Aird MacDonald.

"Deadshot Bill" in a Sioux disguise
Is goin' as one of Custer's spies.

He thinks he's found a redskin bunch
Which he'll mingle with at lunch.

But it seems like ruther a camp he'd
Expect the sight of a Sioux to Stampede.

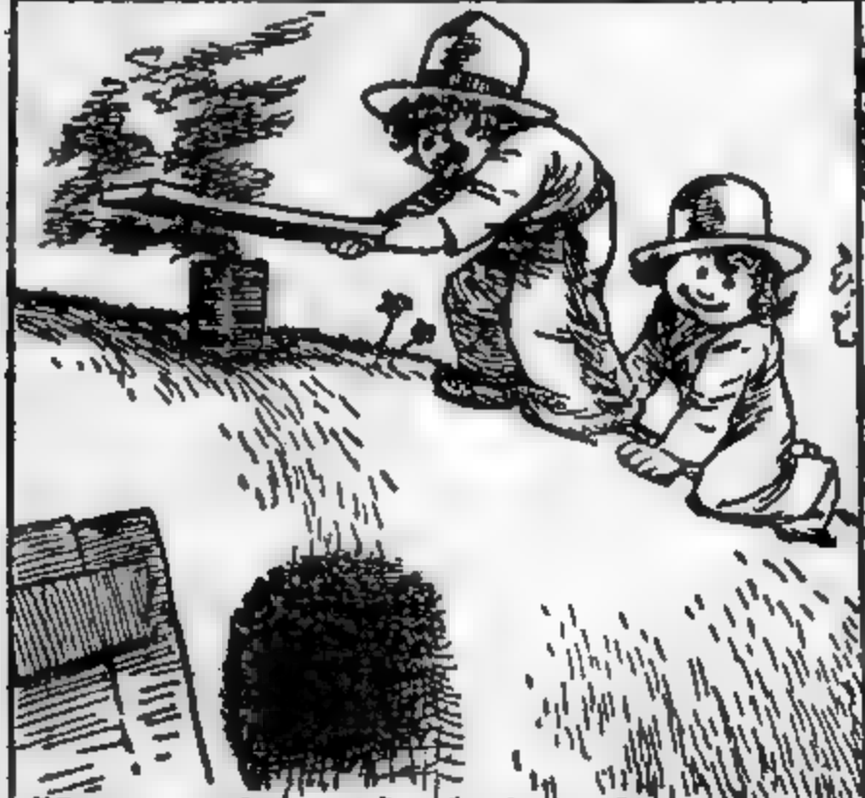
For they're cowboys—har,har!—and spose
Bill's a injun, from his clothes.

"DEADSHOT BILL,"
FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer
and W. Aird MacDonald.

"Deadshot Bill" has built a cave,
A refuge such as outlaws crave.

To dine upon some plunder there
Our desperado seeks his lair.



He's snug inside, but on the roof,
Two jealous rivals lurk aloof.

Bill is smoked out of his den,
But he dasts e'm to come back again!

"DEADSHOT BILL," FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer and W. Aird MacDonald.

'Deadshot Bill' with his lariat
Has snared a wolf. (He calls it that).

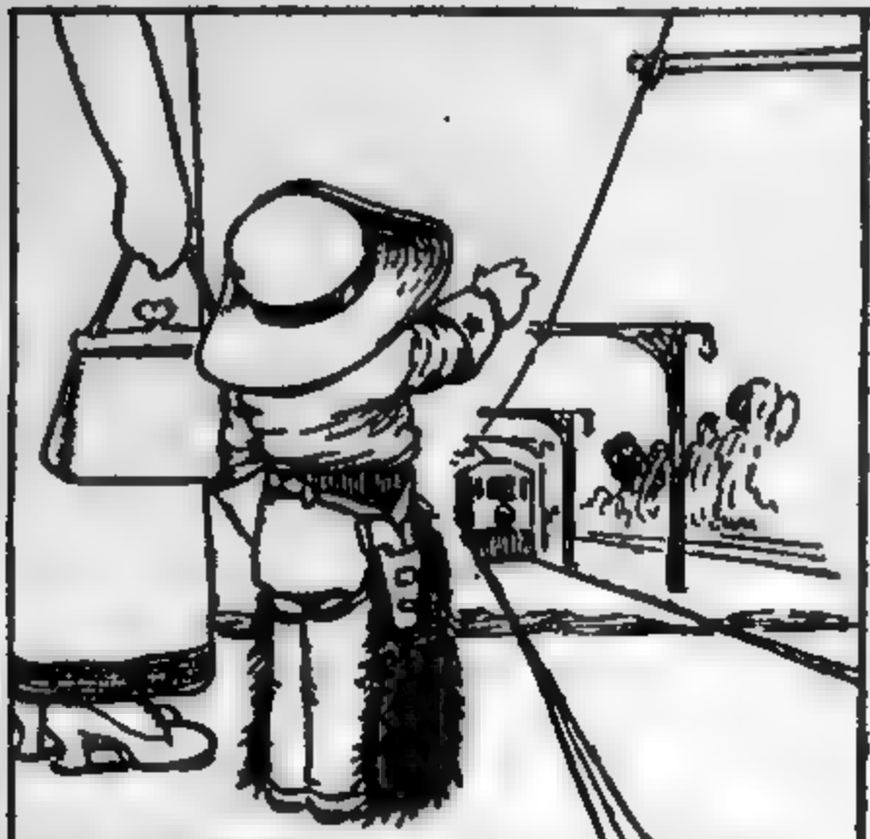
Proceedin' to harness up which same
Bill allows he'll make it tame.

He don't hardly, I kind of guess,
Know the wolf tribe's cussedness.

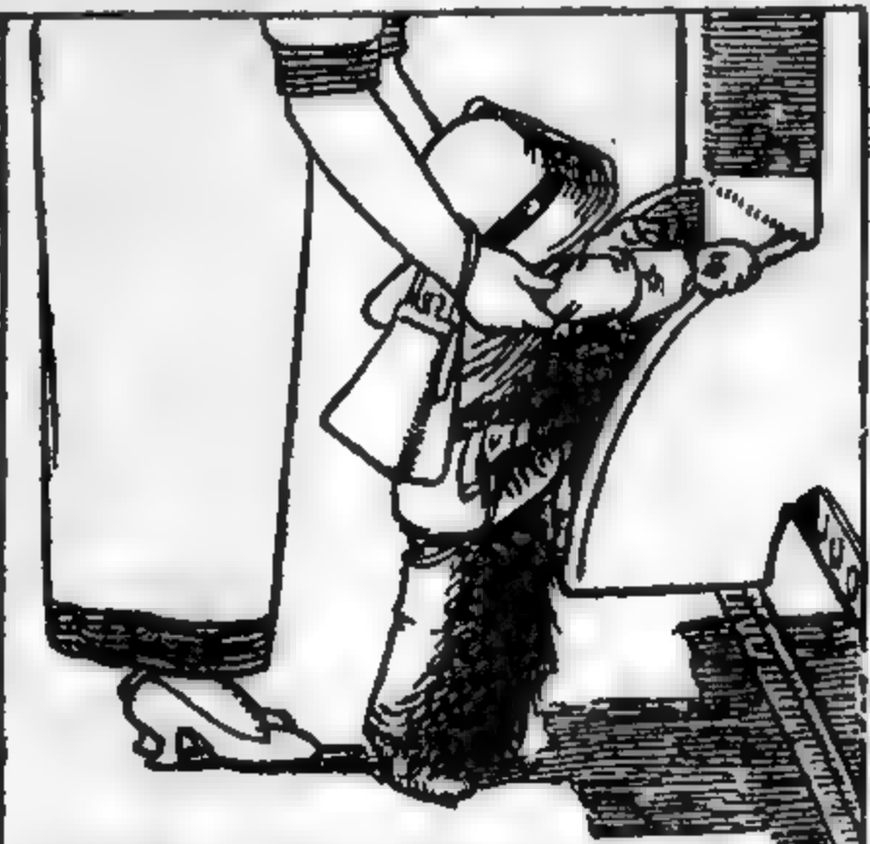
Amid excitement real intense
It leaves Bill draped across a fence.

"DEADSHOT BILL," FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer and W. Aird MacDonald.



Deadshot Bill along with his mar
Is goin' to ride on a trolley car.



To board said vehicle when it come
Bill, bein short, is assisted some.

Smilin', the carman says, says he:
"Cowboys under five rides free!"

At which Bill chirps with a chesty air:
"I'm *most* a man—here, take my fare!"

"DEADSHOT BILL," FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer And A. D. Condo.

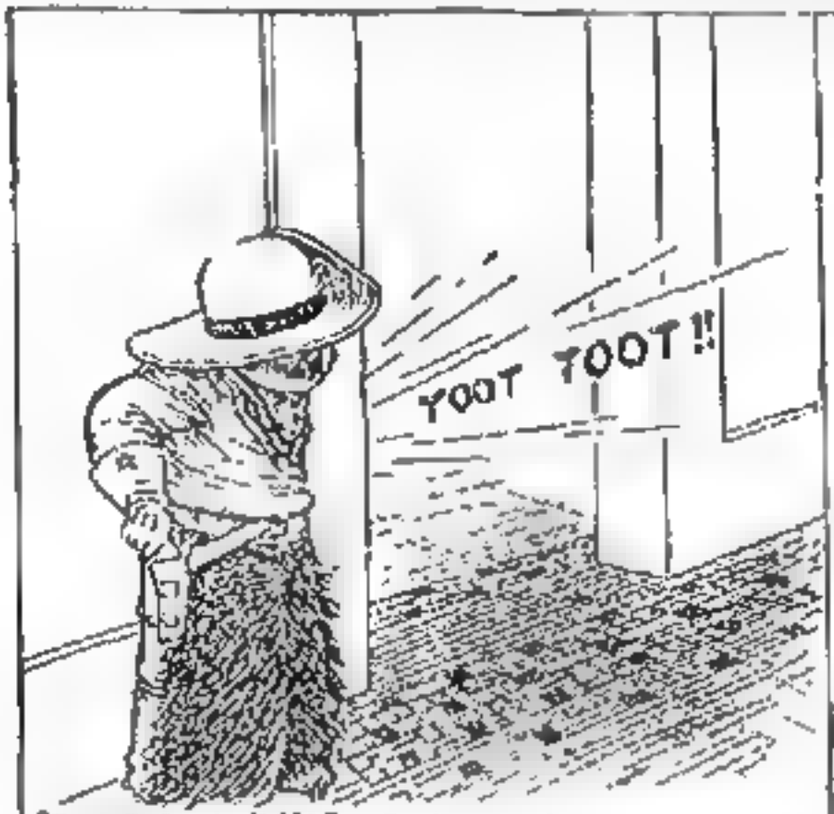
"Deadshot Bill" jest wanders through To see what's in a gol-durned zoo.

At first there was nothin' to catch his eye, But here's a chicken six feet high.

Meetin' which Bill never stirred, But drew a six-shooter on the bird.

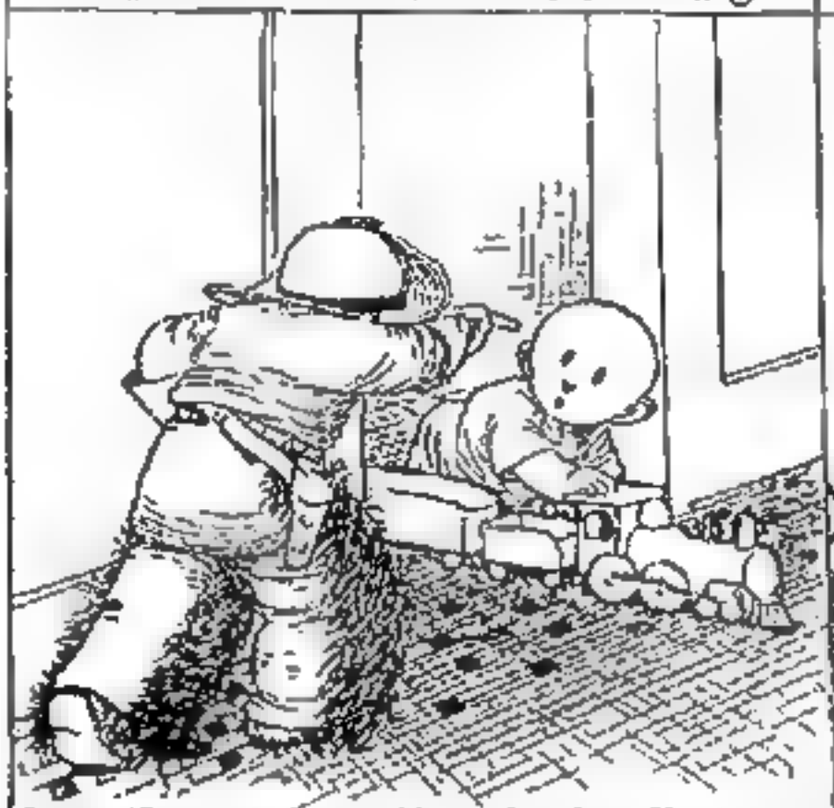
But, shucks, that's all the good it done— The Ostrich up and ET Bill's gun.

"DEADSHOT BILL" FROM NURSERYVILLE



"Deadshot Bill," of the Dalton gang,
Hears the Limited's toot and clang.

He's in wait, prepared to shoot
Unless he gets the mail car's loot.



"Halt!" he shouts. The wheels all stop.
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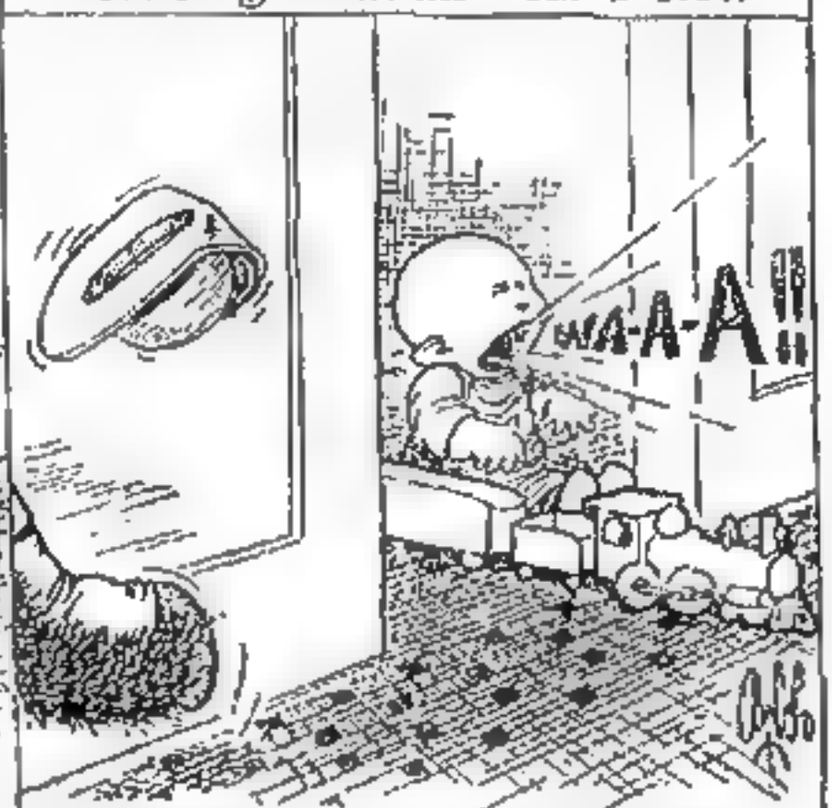


Bravely the crew makes such a roar
That Bill quits cold and sheds no gore.

"DEADSHOT BILL,"
FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer
And A. D. Condo.

'Deadshot Bill' and his best gal, too,
Wander one day to the city zoo.

Lingerin' where the bears is on show
She draps her glove to the varmints below.

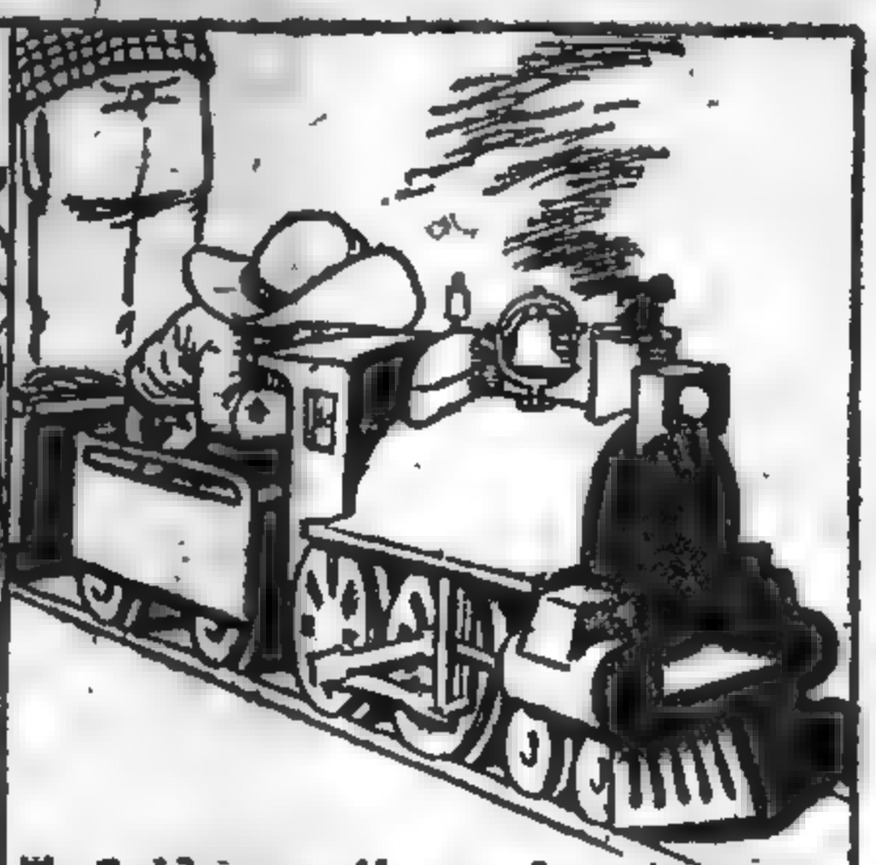
Like the proud lady of old, says she:
"If you love me, fetch it to me!"

Which Bill he answers along that line:
"What's the use! —just wear mine!"

"DEADSHOT BILL," FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer And A. D. Condo.

"Deadshot Bill," at the pleasure park, Hankers for a Wild West lark.



To guide a en-jine under steam Allus has been Bill's pet dream.

Now, at the throttle, it are plain Bill's a-stealin' of that thar train.

Now she runs wild down the track! Bill, however, he hangs back!

"DEADSHOT BILL" FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schwaiger
And A. D. Condo

"Deadshot Bill," at the picnic ground,
His optics casts on a merry-go-round.

Although he regards it mighty tame,
He 'lows he'll take a whirl at the same.

"Not that!" cries Bill, "I chooses a hoss!"
"Shet up!" says the man, "I'm the boss!"

At which Bill weeps, and so would you—
Disgraced by ridin' like babies do.

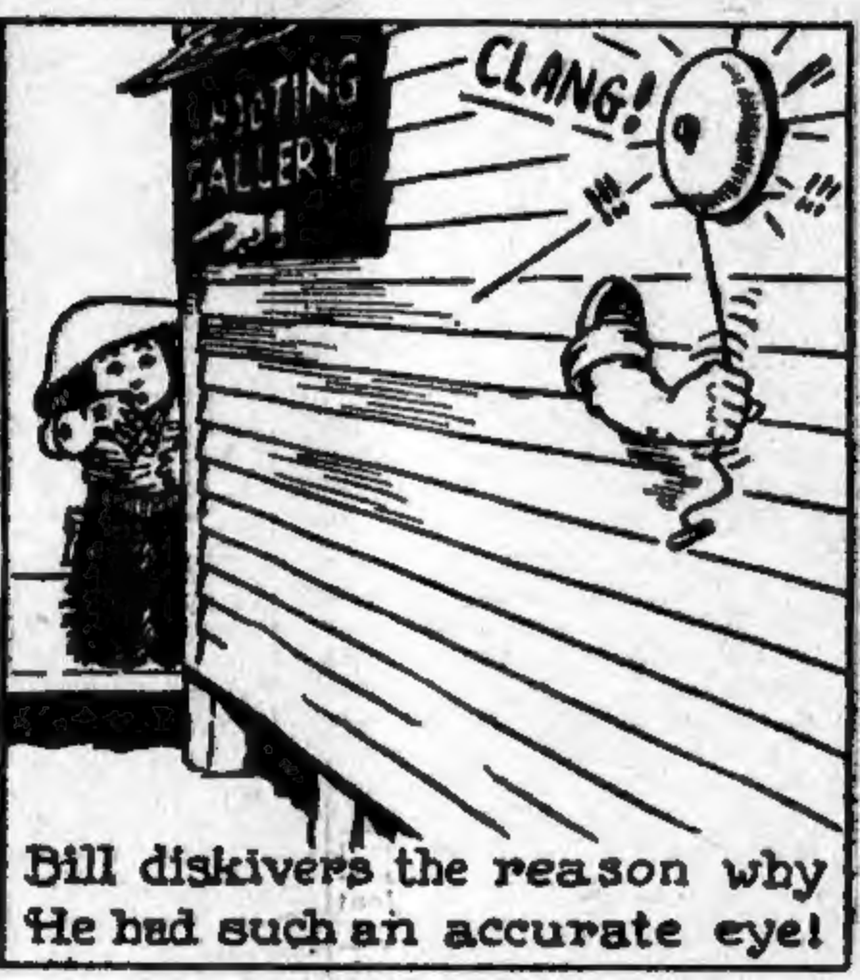
"DEADSHOT BILL," FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer And A. D. Condo.

"Deadshot Bill will not let slip
This chance to show his marksmanship.

He blazes away so true and well
That with each flash he rings the bell.

He rings it even when missing fire,
Which same is puzzlin', although to admire.



Bill diskivers the reason why
He had such an accurate eye!

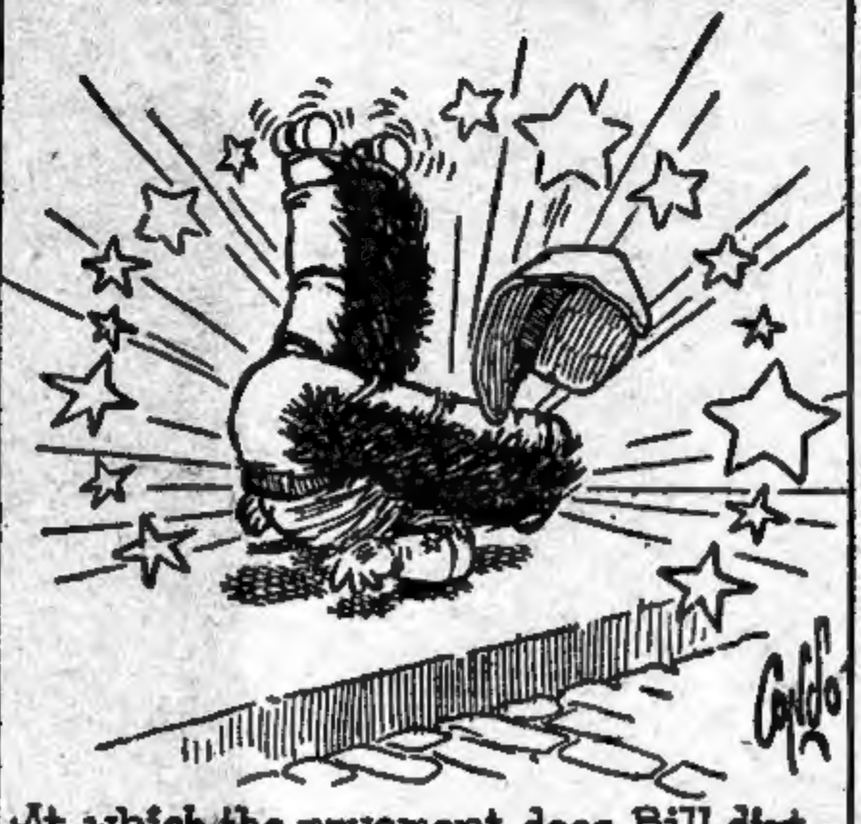
"DEADSHOT BILL," FROM NURSERYVILLE

By Fred Schaefer And A. D. Condo.

"Deadshot Bill" kind of deprecates
A sissy sport like rollerskates.

Yet to show how it orter be done
He condescends to buckle on one.

With grace that's full o' pep an' dash
He starts a-skatin' like a flash.



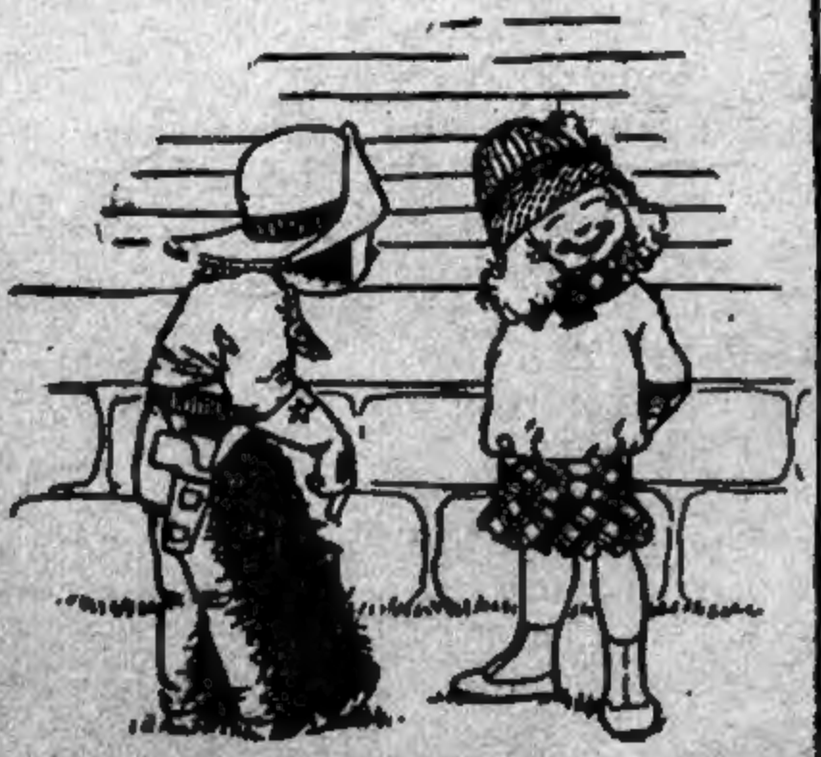
At which the pavement does Bill dirt—
Risin' up sudden— so sudden it hurt!

"DEADSHOT BILL," FROM NURSERYVILLE

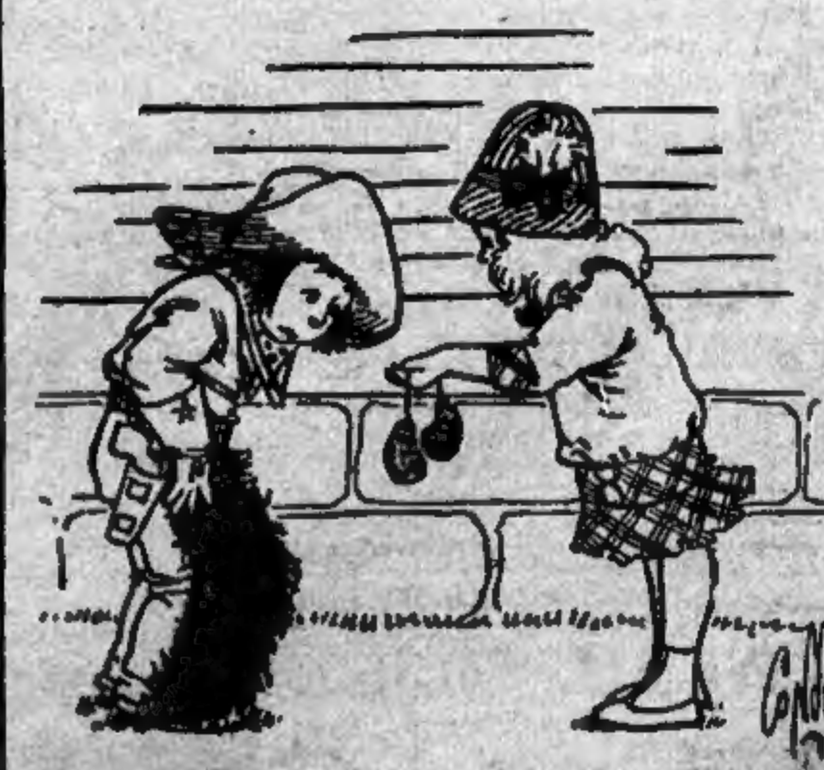
By Fred Schaefer And A. D. Condo.

"Deadshot Bill's" so proud of his chaps
He needs a takin' down, perhaps.

Here comes a female wants to know
What's the sense of 'em woolly so?



When Bill explains he wears 'em while
It's hot as blazes, just for style.



Which, she comments caustic, very:
"Earmuffs is equal necessary!"